Falſ. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtening to, theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falſ. Their poynts being broken.

Poy. Downe fell his hoſe.

Falſ. Began to giue me ground, but I followed me cloſe, came in foot & hand, and with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen buckrom men growne out of two?

Fal. But as the diuell would haue it, three miſ-begotten knaues, in *Kendall* greene, came at my backe, and let driue at mee, for it was ſo darke, *Hall*, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets them, groſſe as a mountaine, opē, palpable. Why, thou clay-braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horſon obſcene greaſie tallow catch.

Falſ. What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prin. Why, how couldſt thou know theſe men in *Kendall* greene, when it was ſo darke thou couldſt not ſee thy hand? come tell vs your reaſon. What ſayſt thou to this?

Poy. Come, your reaſon, *Iack*, your reaſon.

Falſ. What, vpon compulſion? Zounds, and I were at the ſtrappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſion? if reaſons were as plenty as blackberries, I would giue no man a reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

Prin. Ile bee no longer guilty of this ſinne. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh.

Falſ. Zblood you ſtarueling, you elfskinne, you dried neats-tongue, buls pizzle, you ſtock-fiſh: O for breath to vtter what is like thee? you taylors yard, you ſheath, you bowcaſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

Prin. Well, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou haſt tried thy ſelfe in baſe cōpariſons, heare me ſpeake but thus.

Poy. Marke, *Iacke*.

Prin. We two ſaw you foure ſet on foure and bound them, & were maſters of their wealth: mark now how a plaine tale ſhal put you downe: then did we two ſet on you foure, and with a word

word, outfac'd you fro your prize, and haue it, it you here in the houſe: and *Falſtaffe*, you carr way as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, & roar ſtill run & roare, as euer I heard Bul-calfe. What to hacke thy ſword as thou haſt done, and th fight? what tricke? what deuice? what ſtarting now finde out, to hide thee from this open & ap

Poy. Come lets heare, *Iack*, what tricke haſt

Falſ. By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee Why heare you maſters, was it for mee, to ki parant? ſhould I turne vpon the true Prince? W eſt I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware inſt will not touch the true Prince, inſtinct is a great coward on inſtinct, I ſhall thinke the better of thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and Prince: but by the Lord, Lads, I am glad you ha Hoſteſſe clap to the doores, watch to night, pra Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the titl lowſhip come to you. What, ſhall we be merry a Play extempore?

Prin. Content, and the argument ſhall bee, thy

Fal. A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou loueſt me.

Hoſ. O Ieſu, my Lord the *Prince*!

Prin. How now my Lady the Hoſteſſe, what ſa

Hoſ. Marry, my L. there is a noble man of the co would ſpeake with you: he ſayes he comes from

Prin. Giue him as much as will make him a Ro ſend him backe againe to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hoſ. An old man.

Fal. What doth grauity out of his Bed at mi I giue him his anſwer?

Prin. Prethee doe, *Iack*.

Fal. Fayth, and ile ſend him packing.

Prin. Now ſirs: birlady you fought faire, ſo di did you *Bardol*; you are Lyons too, you ran away you will not touch the true Prince, no, fie.

Bar. Faith, I ran when I ſaw others runne.